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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, AUGUST 25, 1904. NUMBER 26

## THE WHIP-POOR WILL.

When apple-branches, flushed with bloom,
Load June's warm evenings with perfume,
And balmier grows each perfect day,
And fields are sweet with new-mown hay,
Then, minstrel lone, I hear thy note,
Up from the pasture-thickets float—
Whip-poor-will!

Thine are the hours to love endeared,
And summoned by the accents weird,
What wild regrets—what tender pain,
Recall my youthful dreams again,
As floating down the shadowy years,
The old refrain fond memory hears—
Whip-poor-will!

The garish day inspires thee not;
But hid in some deep-shaded grot,
Thou like a sad recluse dost wait
The silver hours inviolate,
When every harsher sound is flown,
And groves and glen are thine alone,
Whip-poor-will!

Then, when the rapt, voluptuous night
Pants in the young moon's tender light,
And wood, and cliffs, and shimmering streams
Are splendid in her argent beams—
How thrills the lover's heart to hear
Thy loud staccato, liquid-clear,
Whip-poor-will!

Whence comes the iterated phrase
That to the wondering ear conveys
Half-human sounds, yet cheats the sense
With vagueness of intelligence,
And, like a wandering voice of air,
Haunts the dim fields, we know not where?
Whip-poor-will!

—*Harry D. Cornwell.*

*From W. A. Quayle's "In God's Out of Doors."*

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JUST PUBLISHED

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

An Answer to a Letter.

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A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

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Single Copies, 10 Cents. Per Dozen, $1.00.

Unity Publishing Company

3939 Langley Avenue

CHICAGO

# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1904. NUMBER 26

Though your Colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near.
What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear?
Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower face glows above?
'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love.
A. E., In the Divine Vision.

---

The *Woman's Journal* for July 30 has an interesting note on the "Frederick Douglass Centre" now being formed in Chicago for the purpose, as our exchange puts it, "of getting white and black folk in the city together on grounds of mutual understanding and friendship, to remove the disability of the negro and encourage equal opportunity and to establish a centre of friendly helpfulness and influence." It further speaks of the "truly representative character of the business and the professions of the city represented in its list of charter members," which already contains over one hundred names. This is a centre conceived and being carried forward by Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, with whose scheme UNITY has had large sympathy from the start and will be glad to report its progress from time to time.

---

Lucy Ames Mead, in the *Woman's Journal* of July 23rd, deals in a lot of common sense, the essence of great statesmanship, in an article entitled, "Do We Need a Big Navy?" Our navy, she says, has increased in cost 700 per cent. within the last eighteen years, while our population has increased only 50 per cent. and our wealth but 100 per cent. in the same period. Her argument is replete with startling facts and searching logic. Space forbids our reproducing the article, but we hope at least that the ministers and teachers who read UNITY will read carefully the article, cut it out and preserve it for use. The business of correcting public opinion on this matter is the big task of the preacher and teacher of our present day. The old argument that "the navy gives employment to forty thousand men," etc., is carried to its legitimate absurdity by Mrs. Mead when she suggests that "every fire, pestilence, calamity and crime gives work to people. If our gunboats were burned as soon as they were built it might give employment to still more people in replacing them."

---

The *Woman's Journal* has an interesting and impressive note concerning the Finns, 34,000 of whom are now residents of Massachusetts, Michigan, New York and Alaska alone, which fact leads our exchange to say, "Russia may hold the soil of Finland, but the United States holds the Finns." Surely it is further justified in calling attention to "the folly of the Russian Bureaucracy in driving out this industrious, moral, intelligent population, which folly is only equaled by its perfidy." Finland, Poland, Bohemia and many another name which Russia has succeeded in wiping off the political map of the world still remain in the hearts of men and women, causing them to hold the name of Russia in contempt. Surely Russia cannot stand many more conquests of this kind, and its true patriot may well pray that his country may be saved the menace of another triumph over Japan. In this wretched contest sympathy should go out to the winning party. It will be better for either nation to "go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting" after this senseless and wicked war is over.

---

The *Christian Register* discovers the fertile soil out of which the Standard Oil iniquities grew. "Twenty-five years ago bishops, ministers and statesmen were seeking to ride at the expense of the public; merchants and manufacturers were seeking to send their products over the railroad at the expense of their rivals or the public. Then it was that one man of extraordinary sagacity organized his petty larceny into a system, which, like his rivals, defrauded the public, the railroad companies being willing partners in the transaction." Can it be that even this guilty one goes unrebuked for want of a guiltless hand "to cast the first stone"? Is John D. Rockefeller unique among his fellows chiefly on account of the bulk of his profits? Is the enormity of the crime to be measured by the number of ciphers placed at the right of his fingers? Perhaps, after all, what little indignation is manifested by the public towards this prince of speculators, (should the "s" be omitted) lies in the fact that he is being found out rather than in the fact of his phenomenal success by methods that in less efficient hands would be criminal and scandalous.

---

Those were startling words spoken by the Attorney General of Ohio at the recent meeting of the National League of Building Associations in the United States, held in Michigan, when he said, "The man who owns his home is looked upon in these days as a harmless crank. Home-owning is considered a fad, a luxury, a folly, or a dissipation in which a man must be very rich to indulge or very feeble-minded to attempt." This state of affairs he attributed to the "oppressive system of taxation which enables the tax-gatherers to pounce upon the home for the burden of public expenses because it stands in full view while the investment in unseen, intangible property, such as cor-

porations, franchises, etc., escapes its share of taxation." In a recent issue we called attention to the glaring revelation of the published list of personal property in Chicago. Anent this speech a friend writes, "Who is the Perseus that will deliver this Andromeda, the home, from the shark of special assessment," and refers to Isaiah x: 1-2. We have looked up the reference; we hope that our readers will do the same.

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A masculine comment on dress is sure to be met by a feminine smile of complacency if not a smirk of contempt. Perhaps the comment of an editorial sister will go further. The editor of the *Woman's Journal* for July 30th speaks of the "tragedy of fashion", quoting from *Good Housekeeping*, which seeks to bring the fashionable woman to a realization of her responsibility in the matter of dress. We are told that every year the trimmings and findings of the simplest costumes mean greater outlay of money. Fashion is now dictating costly toilets to take the place even of the simple morning gown, notwithstanding that the cost of mere living is already ruinously high. It calls attention to the heart-burnings of women of slender purses who belong to the same clubs and attend the same functions, the weary nerve-racking planning and midnight sewing which sooner or later bring nervous or moral collapse. This woman tells of unhappy homes, embezzlements and divorces traceable to the dress iniquity. The women in their clubs will loudly declaim against sweat shops and yet they are blind and deaf to the call for simple living which they alone can supply. We join with these sisters in the prayer, "Heaven speed the day of unselfish self-control in matters of dress." Let no woman say, "That does not mean me." Where is the guiltless sister who is left in these matters to cast the first stone? The enlightened conscience will not always be content with the justification of "They all do it" or "You're another."

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UNITY has several times called attention to the Leclaire College instituted in connection with the Nelson Manufacturing Company at Edwardsville, Illinois, by that rare man who combines the power to make money with a sense of responsibility that ought to go with it. In a private letter to the editor this inspiring spirit writes:

"I am happy to inform you that I have obtained a perfect fit for the farm management, which, after all, is a very important part of the school. He is a bright and good-natured young man of about twenty-six, a New York farmer on a considerable scale, of the age of nineteen, a graduate of the Nebraska Agricultural College, with considerable experience in the experimental stations and in farmers' institutes. He has taken hold to my great satisfaction. I have on the string a man that I think will do for principal. I have a new woman teacher with experience, ability, sense, and high purpose. We are gradually working our way out in this experiment. The existing commercialism I do not like a bit, but, like you, recognize that we must accept the world as it is. People's wrongheadedness is a part of the existing conditions, just as much as the imperfections of health and other imperfections, and each of these is shown in one way or another."

It has been remarked many times that the science class of this season is an especially enthusiastic one, and so practical has been the work that almost every dweller on the Hill is in the spirit of it, and learning to know all the flowers, ferns, birds, and fungi by names as intimate friends. The past week attention has been directed toward the gill fungi and the polypores, and by degrees the fungi are coming to take their place in the minds of the class as legitimate and useful members of the plant world. The children of the class enriched the week's work by finding, in all its waxy fragile beauty of filigree, the bears' head fungus. The ferns have afforded two additional studies in the grace and perfection of the life of plant world even where no flower is present.

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The *Church Economist* for August is a special pipe organ number and it discusses the subject from the technical as well as the religious standpoint. It has practical hints for builders, specifications of recent organs of note, as well as discussion of the ministry of the organist, the latter by Rev. W. A. Bartlett, of Chicago, in which he makes some valuable suggestions. Among these is a plea for an interpreter of every-day music. Mr. Bartlett tells us that music has been to him both a pleasure and a profession, and that he has practical control of the pipe organ. It is of significance then when such a man says:

"I have heard players who could render a sonata with splendid effect fail miserably on 'Abide with Me,' and who could not or did not play the simplest hymn so that any one longed to sing it. May God forgive us for the way in which we murder worship-music. * * * It is a far greater achievement to play hymn tunes as they should be played than to play one of the rhapsodies of Liszt."

Thus interpreted the organ does indeed become a means of grace, an essential element in social worship, and well may church committees do away with finials, pointed windows and leaded glass in order that the money thus saved may be put in an organ for the inside; and then when the organ is sought, the golden display of pipes, the meaningless and oftentimes crazy stencilings of the same, like a Chinese fan, had better be dispensed with. For a good organ, in church at least, unlike a good child, should not be seen, but heard, and then not primarily as an interpreter of the great composers, the solo worships of the great musical geniuses, but as an aid to the mighty chorus of common people, sustaining the voice of the multitude, making one the many, uniting the congregation in the harmony of melody. Let this number of the *Economist* be preserved for further reference by ministers and church committees, and let the readers of this note take a thought as to the next great need in their church equipment, if there be not an organ there. Should there be, let them hasten to increase its sanctity by spiritualizing its service. Go to, and give your church an organ, O reader, before you spend any more money on cigars, golf links, Parisian dresses or sentimental benefactions which benefit the benefactor more than the *benefactee*.

## The Law of Promotion.

"Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be chiefest, shall be servant of all."

To a strenuous age few of the sayings of Jesus seem at first glance "harder" than this one. It sounds like the knell of ambition, like the death sentence of honorable striving to do and to be better; it seems to wear the guise of denunciation of youth's brightest dream, it appears to demand the silencing of manhood's dearest boast—glorious achievement. It seems to say—cherish no lofty ideal, form no great purpose, put forth no mighty effort; be content with things as they are, look down and not up, have no eye for future realization of present hopes, aim at thinking little, doing little, being little. But is this the meaning?

Jesus and Confucius were not unlike in their methods of teaching. The Chinese master knew that a lesson easily gotten readily escapes; while what requires earnest and consecutive effort through that effort becomes a permanent possession. Hence he liked to veil his instruction in enigmatic form which piqued his pupils' understanding and challenged their investigation. Similarly did Jesus. The oriental in him and about him often shunned and precluded plain speech, preferring the sphinx-like, the oracular.

Of this character are the words at the head of this study. Taken aright, they may be called the "Law of Promotion." They apply in every sphere of activity. They are not merely religious. They find their verification in the home, on the farm, over the workbench, in the school and college; in politics, in law, in the church, in commerce, they formulate the one and only law of progress. Childhood observes this law, youth instinctively recognizes it, it is the morn of mature action.

Examine the home—who is first there? Why, of course, father and mother. But why? Well, again, of course, because father and mother are the servants of all—servants of each other, of the children, of the entire household. They are the chiefest of servants, ablest of servants—their service is indispensable to the well-being of the little community. It is not authority which wins wifely love, husbandly devotion, children's affection, the respect and regard of assistants. The authority the parents wield is the product of service, it is the verification of the Law of Promotion, a justification of Jesus' words, the proof of their faith.

Or take the realm of government. The chief office of our national administration theoretically, at least, and generally in fact, seeks the man who is best able to *serve* all the interests for which it cares. It requires a man of poise of mind, a man of judicial temperament, a man of decision and determination and resolution; a man who can discern the course which will best *serve* the varied interests of the nation and who will with decisiveness direct the action which is to accomplish that end. In other words, it seeks the man who can and will be the best of servants. It is by virtue of being this best of servants, the *servant* of all, and by this alone, that the President is the chiefest of American citizens. His authority comes from this, his power is its justification and reward. Here again then is the verification of Jesus' enunciation of the Law of Promotion.

Thus it is in every branch of human activity. Success, advancement, achievement, is governed by service and by service alone. He ever is chief whose service is greatest.

George W. Gilmore.
*Meadville Theological School.*

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## Do the Dead Return to the Living?

Through the countless years since man came, the Ships of time have been sailing away from the shores of earth. Freighted with human lives are these Ships of time, and followed by the love of the living for the dead.

Do these Ships of time all sail one way? Do the lives that go away from our world ever, or never, come back again? Is there a world, a life beyond; or does all end with the few years of this earthly existence?

From the sense-side of the material, death seems to be, is, the end; the organs of sight having feeling are gone, and with them goes the sense world of existence.

But somehow man is more than sensation; he thinks as well as feels. The things perceived through the senses are taken up by the power that we call mind and placed under the laws of thought; and in this way is revealed a mind-world of the true, the beautiful and the good; and from the relations of one life to another, arise, are felt the emotions and principles of the moral order; and from these comes the consciousness of relationship with the Infinite.

It is from these higher and larger visions that Reason postulates the continuity of life beyond the change called death, and love asks for the longer years of the forever.

With such a scene of the coming and the going, the disappearance of the physical and the loss of sense relations; it is not strange that the generations of the past have stood before the opening and closing doors of life and death with mingled emotions of wonder, hope and fear. Nor strange, that these thoughts and feelings have found so large a place in the literature, the philosophy and the religion of all peoples.

Over against the fact that to the senses death ends all, is the fact that somehow the millions have believed in a life beyond death. But it has been a belief, a hope rather than an assured fact; a faith; not a positive knowledge. And it does seem strange that after all these thousands of years and the going away of countless millions, the question of a continued existence should still have to wait for a positive answer. And yet, may be not so strange; for in the nature of the case, it is not possible to prove the negative, in that souls do not live after the death of the body. If man is not immortal, this fact can never be known; those who have ceased to be carnal themselves know it; nor can those still living know it; nor they that are soon not to be.

We have to die to know as an experience, as a fact of consciousness what it is to die. We may, and very many do feel an assurance of the continuity of a personal existence that leaves no place for doubt; but we must die, to know that we live beyond death.

There is one and only one way by which the liv-

ing can know that the dead live; and that is for those who have died to in some way make themselves known to those who are still living. Can this be done? Has it been done? Do the Ships of time sail only one way? Or do they come back to the shores of Earth?

If we turn over the pages of the legends, traditions and mythology, of the literature and history of the past, and the Bibles of the great religions, they all directly or indirectly bear evidence to the fact that the souls who once lived on earth have come back and made themselves known to those still living. In our own Bible there are explicit instances and statements to this effect.

Upon other subjects, as the ages of geology or the great events of history, we accept and rest in the statements of what has been; but when it comes to the return of the dead to the scenes of the living we are not satisfied with statements or facts of the past however well verified. We do not look for a return of the ages of geologic formations; nor that great events of history are to be repeated; but in the mind or soul-world we expect the profound experiences of mankind to be continuous. If souls returned to earth in the old Bible times, why not now? If there was a Divine inspiration in the past, why should it not be continuous? The present should not be asked to live wholly upon the past. Souls are going away from earth; the living love those who have gone; hence the fact of the possible return of dear ones in spirit form must ever be a present question in the great hours of life.

Some such reflections as these may help us to a larger looking, seeing and understanding of the strange facts and questions of life and death that all the ages have had to face, and that rise up before each mind and heart of the millions now on earth.

That the physical body dies is not questioned; and with this the senses through which the living hold communication are cut off; and hence should not be thought strange that between the living and the dead there is a feeling and the fact of separation. To our tenderest words there is no answer; to our tears and caresses, no response. And yet, in spirit form, the dear one just gone may be present, may know and understand it all; but has no power to reach those who sorrow. Or, if materialism be true, there is no soul, no spiritual being; death ends all.

But somehow, in spite of the sense appearance that death is the end, there has always been the feeling, the faith that the real being does not die; hence, the looking and longing to in some way see again or hear from those who have passed beyond the visions and voices of the living. And hence it is at this point or dividing line where the ordinary methods of communication have ceased, that the extraordinary have naturally been appealed to. Not in the light, but in the dark; not in the sound of voices, but in the silence; the anxious souls watch and wait and listen for some word or sound or appearance; anything to assure them that loved ones have returned. And naturally, the more sensitive or impressionable minds among the living become "mediums" through which the disembodied can make their presence known.

This line of separation between the living and the dead has always been present; it is being drawn anew every day and hour in the homes of earth; this strange border-land between the two worlds. Not strange that it is the land of mystery, of superstitions, frauds and impositions; many; but it is also to many souls sacred; the land of vision, of love and hope. When the darkness of death is lost in the light of life.

Things come to our world; Judaism came; Christianity came; Mahommedanism came; the Magna Charta, Cromwell, Luther and the Reformation came. Science, the new astronomy and our own great age of invention and discovery came. Modern spiritualism came; Christian science and new thought have come.

The practical question is, what are we to do with all these forces and powers that have come into our world? Much is lost to the minds that shut themselves up in their own party, sect or ism and refuse to look at the teachings of all others; denounce them as false and wrong. Rather, should we think there is some truth, something good in all; that the great things that come, that are born out of some new time or condition have a meaning and a mission in the growing life of the ages.

By not a few, the strange phenomenon of modern spiritualism has been denounced as a fraud, as wholly false, an imposition upon the ignorant and the superstitious. And such accusations have not been made without good grounds in many cases; but they are too sweeping. That which is wholly fraudulent cannot long hold its place; and modern spiritualism has continued to grow in numbers, intelligence and social standing.

As never before, our great age is fearlessly facing all questions, facts, mysteries with the one purpose of finding that which is true. In this spirit the Society for Psychical Research has for a number of years been making a careful study of Psychical phenomenon in the whole wide range of mediumship, clairvoyance, telepathy, clairaudience, apparitions, secondary personality, obscessims, spirit photography and spirit identity. In these studies many of the ablest scientists, philosophers and clergymen of Europe and America have taken most earnest parts, and every fact and question is placed in the clearest light of the latest and largest thought and knowledge.

The purpose of this paper is to call the special attention of the readers of UNITY to the very interesting work just published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., The Widow's Mite and Other Psychological Phenomena, by I. K. Funk.* Dr. Funk is widely known, not only as the head of this large publishing house, but as a scholar, author and clergyman of large ability and unquestioned integrity. To the many who are interested in this field of thought this work is a saving in both time and money. The most important facts and results of the Society for Psychical Research are given in sufficient detail; that of the Widow's Mite, or the coming back of Henry Ward Beecher and the finding and return of a lost coin, is given in full.

What we shall make of all these things must be a matter for each one to decide. Trained scientists who look only for the facts in any and every field must be most exacting in their methods; and the fact that there have been so much fraud and so many impositions upon trusting and sorrowing souls has called for public exposures, and may explain the seeming unwillingness of some to accept facts so thoroughly attested that upon any other subject they could hardly be questioned.

It may not be—I think it is not—wise to try to force open the gates of the unseen world; nor is it wise to try to keep these gates closed. That the dear ones gone continue to love and care for those left on earth is surely a most beautiful and comforting faith; and it seems so natural and reasonable that it should be gladly cherished. And more

than we know or think, it is. Very many who are neither clairvoyant nor clairaudiant—who see no forms, hear no voices—are often conscious of the spirit presence of those who once walked with them on earth.

Our world seems to be in the morning of a great new day. We stand amazed at the powers and possibilities of man in the realm of the material. The telegraph, telephone, phonograph, the cable and wireless telegraphy are facts. In the realm of mind, clairvoyance and telepathy are accepted as facts, and our latest psychology teaches that there is a sub-conscious or sublinimal mind. The vision of what man is as a child of God; of what Great Nature is; and what man should be and do, is just dawning upon these wonderful years. The day may not be distant when the unseen world may be as near and real to the spiritual consciousness as is now the world of matter and sense.

H. W. THOMAS.

## The River of Dreams.

The river of dreams runs silently down
By a secret way that no one knows;
But the soul lives on while the dreamtide flows
Through the garden bright or the forests brown;
And I think sometimes that our whole life seems
To be more than half made up of dreams.
For its changing sights and its passing shows
And its morning hopes and its midnight fears
Are left behind with the vanished years.
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life stream flows to the ocean,
And we follow the tide, awake or asleep,
Till we see the dawn on love's great deep,
Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed
And the river of dreams in the sea is lost.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

## Our Tower Hill Letter.

The words of W. C. Gannett seem to express best the thought and feeling of Tower Hill residents as we have lived in the beauty and rest of this second week in August:

"Only ten miles from the city,—
And how I am lifted away
To the peace that passeth knowing,
And the light that is not of day!"

The very atmosphere of thought surrounding us on the Hill has made us realize what Thoreau meant when he said, "I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods bodily without getting there in spirit." In the fullest sense of the word are we dwelling in the spirit of Tower Hill.

When we shall be in the midst of our winter's work, the choicest memory of the summer's joys will be the Sunday vesper services, where, amid the quiet sacredness of the declining day, we meet to sing, to think, to pray. Another gem for this memory chain was added last Sunday evening, when together we read Adelaide Proctor's poem, "The Lost Chord," which was also sung by Miss Pace of Chicago, also part of her "Shrines of Mary," Josephine Preston Peabody's "A Busy Child," the poem "The Gates of Dreamland" by A. E., and the strong and touching words of Kipling in his "Explorer" and "Settler." The burden of the thought of all these poems was summed up in Whitman's poem "To You," where he says:

Whoever you are, claim your own at any hazard!
These shows of the East and West are tame compared to you,
These immense meadows, these interminable rivers, you are immense and interminable as they;
These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of apparent dissolution, you are he or she who is master or mistress over them,
Master or mistress in your own right over them, Nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.

Another fascinating chapter in the history of religions has been added in our study of "How Laws Began" according to myth and science. Out of the 500 years of struggle and life experiences in general, stretching from the ninth to the fourth century B. C., there was evolved a unique institution of democracy which expressed itself in a "literary conglomerate" known as "The Law," in which the Ten Commandments" are found embedded. This formed the rich foundation for a spiritual intensity. These commandments naturally fall into two tablets, the tablet of piety and the tablet of morality; the first five commandments referring to man's attitude to God, the last five to man's attitude toward his fellow men. These commandments have grown with the growth of man's experience during the centuries, and it is very plain to be seen that a third tablet is forming to-day, where morality is passing from the individual to society, out of the singular into the plural number.

The week for the reading of Browning is always anticipated with great joy. This year we have been reading some of his master strokes, the dramas, "A Soul's Tragedy" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

As a fitting approach to the climax of the week's study. Mr. Jones delivered his lecture on Roger Williams, the pioneer of religious liberty in America, and Thomas Jefferson, the fore-runner of civil liberty. And indeed it was a climax which was reached Saturday when the people came from far and near to welcome and hear the governor of Wisconsin, Robert M. La Follette.

It was a rare treat to hear the logical, concise, intense, but yet simple address of this man, who is bravely contending for the rights of the people against the greed, avarice and base manipulation of the railroad corporations. Opposed in almost every conceivable way by the money powers, he dares take a stand for what he believes to be right, and goes up and down the state explaining and advocating the three vital principles of equal taxation of corporations with private citizens; equal rates of freight for equal service; and a better and more representative system of nominations.

A most enthusiastic reception was given Governor La Follette and his co-laborers for the vast field of earnest thought which they opened for the earnest man and woman.

MARY E. ANDREWS.

*August* 13, 1904.

## The Rose and the Roses.

O rose alive with memories sweet,
The sign of summer all the years,
You make my heart with gladness beat,
You fill my eyes with piteous tears.

You call up forms as fair as you,
Whose words were sweeter than your breath,
Their hearts were bright with morning dew,
And O the sorrow of their death!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## THE PULPIT.

### Signs of the Times.

The signs of the times are prophetic and full of promise in the direction of unity in religion. The spirit of the age is broadening the religious mind throughout Christendom; and the other religions—all religions together are moving in the direction of practical unity of thought and action. They all point to the reasonable conception that religion is one, while religions are many; that the church is one while churches are numerous, with names and creeds as various as are the races, tribes and the culture; and that the ideal religion is the universal, the spiritual and the practical.

The Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition in '93 was the culmination and crown of the broad-minded in all religions and churches and sects in finding out the unity of spirit in the round world of thought and aspiration.

The Congresses of Religion, the natural and the legitimate children of the primal Parliament, are doing a great work in bringing together agreeing and disagreeing minds for mutual conference, enlightenment and power for good. Meeting, as they are wont to do, in the various cities and states in America, they help to lift the lines dividing religions and sects, and by the sweetness and light they diffuse, they show the peculiar strength and beauty of this larger propaganda, with no exclusions, dealing with truths of the highest moment, and making freedom of thought synonymous with the true, the beautiful and the good. As one choice fruit of this movement, in the interests of the universal in life and religion, the world is coming to see that much is to be learned from mutual conference and the desire to see how in parallel lines all are joyfully moving and gladly hailing each other on the march.

Other organizations are becoming common whose aim is to bring together the pastors of the local churches in different localities and sections of the country; and encircling within their bounds Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, and with doors open to receive representatives from any and all ecclesiastical and religious seekers of the truth outside of Christendom, if such should anywhere be found to desire the fellowship of leaders who seek the larger unity and the finer spiritual and practical life thus fostered.

In this broad way of looking upon the alien religions, and the churches and sects whose course has been sect-ward, and so narrowed to less than the whole truth, the light has poured in upon all minds, and mutual respect has taken the place of prejudice, pride of opinion, and all life shares in a largeness that unifies all that is human, and adds to the happiness as well as to the efficiency of organized and unified religion.

Among several local organizations with which I have been connected, the "Ministers' Union" held usually at the Town Hall semi-annually in Ayer, Mass., is the most conspicuous, and is best known among the churches in Massachusetts. It has been in existence some ten years. It was my privilege to have been its president several years. The Rev. William J. Batt, the chaplain of Concord Reformatory in Massachusetts, has been the wise and efficient corresponding secretary. Of late years the meetings have been movable, and several times have met in King's Chapel, Boston, Dr. Hale's church. Pastors and bishops, and influential men in church and college life have favored the Union in the capacity of presiding officers and speakers. A full day is always given to the meetings, and a lovefeast, in the form of a simple collation at noon, helps to bring all hearts together, and at the close all unite in repeating the Lord's Prayer together, followed by a benediction. There are no conferences that I attend which seem to show forth the genuine spirit of unity like these informal gatherings.

Another sign of the times is to be found in the closer fellowship of the two branches of the Congregational order, the Orthodox and the Unitarian. The past year has given emphasis to this spirit of unity in the several pulpit exchanges between the Orthodox and the Unitarian pastors in Boston and vicinity. Dr. Thomas of Brookline, and Dr. Brown of King's Chapel, Dr. Gordon with Rev. M. Eels, Dr. James De Normandie with Dr. McKenzie of Cambridge, and several others, Several years ago Dr. Herrick and Dr. Hale exchanged pulpits. In the case of the exchange between Dr. Gordon of the Old South and Mr. Eels of the First Church, the service was followed in the afternoon with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in which these two pastors at the Unitarian church took part. Some not far off day these two branches of Congregationalism will be re-united.

Another sign of the times which to me seems to be full of beauty and significance. As all UNITY readers know, some thirty years ago I withdrew from the Orthodox Congregational Church, and accepted a pastorate in the Unitarian fellowship. I was educated at a Baptist college, a Baptist divinity school, and the Union Seminary, New York City. My first pastorate was in Dorchester, Mass., the "Village (Orthodox) Church." After seven years in that ministry, as pastor of two churches, I withdrew from the church of the broader faith. Last March my old first church in Dorchester observed the 75th anniversary of its organization. I was invited to be present and to make an address. My wife and I were most hospitably and cordially entertained at the pastor's home, the Rev. G. Walcott Brooks. A reception was given in the vestry of the church at which we were introduced to nearly three hundred people. The services were held in the large audience room which was filled to overflowing. At the close of this service the presiding officer, who was the beloved pastor, and long the successful shepherd of his flock, came to my seat and led me to the platform; then did the same to the oldest and greatly revered ex-pastor. The pastor stood between us, and in a most gracious manner, which touched all hearts, put one hand about my shoulders, and the other about Dr. Fay's, the other ex-pastor, who unlike myself still stood by the faith of the church, and then pronounced the benediction, not in words theological or conventional, and a most joyous banquet followed in the vestry. Even the invitation to be present was more than I could have expected, and to have been asked formally through the committee to make an address, together with singing at the Sunday anniversary service a hymn written by myself made me think of the millenium. And the beautiful, more than fine and courteous recognition of me in that public manner, as a brother beloved, notwithstanding my leaving that fellowship for one so "spoken against," was a sign of the times far exceeding in loveliness any I have ever known.

People in these days of earnest purpose and progressive thought are seeing that there are gates on all sides leading out of the old enclosures of superstition to pastures fresh and large, and they do not sorrow long before they begin their explorations, and find the grander world of thought, liberty and light the eager spirit had learned to make a reality; and instead of landing in the wilderness of theological doubt and

indifference, they greet the summerland of a beautiful landscape, inviting and full of spiritual compensations.

Lord Bacon says that "one of the obstacles in the way of real truth is those heaps of assumed truths, which, having taken possession of the mind left no room for any subsequent invasion because it supposed itself already there." The tendency in the staid conservative Presbyterian church no longer thinks it nice to consign infants to the ever burning, never consuming flames of future torment, when, in that tender age they die. The supposed iron-bound creed of the Baptists is softening, and in the hands of its enlightened interpreters grows malleable, and stretches to a wider inclusiveness of candidates for paradise. Professor Small of the University of Chicago, in a lecture, not long ago to his students, said, that Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is a "cad," and it should not be held up as a model for any one to follow. The Pilgrim's only object, according to the professor, was a desire to be saved himself without regard to the fate and condition of others. Prof. Small said that he cared very little about a religion that seeks primarily one's own salvation, or for theories of a future life. He would have men concerned with present conditions, and seek results in a moral character which expresses itself in what one does for others. And more and more the thinking and progressive Baptists are yielding the rigid practice of close communion, so nearly abandoned in their churches in England. These conscientious and loyal adherents of a vanishing creed and a form of rites no longer approved of men who breathe the spirit of the present age, could well give up their practice of close baptism as the only way of observing a rite in no way a saving ordinance and join together with all other evangelical churches, making one great and noble sect; for the differences are very slight. Then all Protestants could become one strong church whose prophecy and progress would in time stand strong against the errors of the Roman Church, and finally these two churches—Protestant and Roman—could become one, and the true unity of the church, which once prevailed, and never had need to separate, could then battle successfully against the evils and wrongs of the Christian world!

Again, the Episcopal Church in America is finding within its borders a breadth of thought and a freedom of expression through its clergy which is refreshing to thinking minds everywhere. Dr. McConnell of New York, has lately published a book in which several heresies are said to appear, among which is the alleged fact that he no longer believes the apostles' creed.

In the doctor's book he seems to deny the divinity of Christ and the virgin-birth of Jesus. I need not say appears to make such denials, for he boldly and baldly states his disbelief in both as true or authoritative. The comment of his sympathizers goes on to say that nobody imagines there will be any trial for heresy. He would have been bishop of Long Island long ago, but for his advanced views; for it is evident that the more truth he had to give the less of office in the Protestant Episcopal Church would be given him.

It is thought that measures against him will be confined to keeping him out of official positions in the church; for heresy trials are no longer thought to be available in putting a stop to thinking minds among clergy or the laity. Episcopalians greatly regret the coming out of this new and sympathetically heretical book, fearing precipitation of controversies now raging in England, and through radical utterances and the bold statements of leading scholars and clergymen there.

And so to England I turn for a sign of the times ecclesiastical.

It seems that Canon Henson of Westminster, London, has written an article for the *"Contemporary Magazine"* on "The Future of the Bible," which is stirring up the pure minds of the theologians to as great a zeal against heresy as the late Canon Farrar did twenty-five years ago on the question of endless punishment, a doctrine he battled against with all his power of eloquent persuasion and a doctrine, too, which the leading lights of that kingdom in the Congregational Churches is deprecating to-day as an outgrown belief, and a superstition of hideous import. But Canon Henson is for throwing overboard the entire baggage of miracle which he designates as "prodigies" of the Old Testament, which he would have the clergy cease to read in the churches as though they were longer to be taken as historical; he intimates that criticism is compelling the abandonment of much of the supernatural element in the *New Testament,* as well as in the Old.

Of course there is already a vast outcry about all this. Resolutions and petitions are pouring in upon Canon Henson's ecclesiastical superiors. The demand is that the heretic shall be burned—that is, of course, only in the comfortable modern fashion: "dismissed from his living with tears, and asked cordially to dinner afterwards"—moral bonfires such as Liberals hundreds of years have been passing through. As regards the Canon's outcries against the "prodigies," or miracles of the Bible, he is not alone in his having lost faith in them as the truth of historical fact; the educated clergy everywhere inwardly protest against them, but lack the courage to deny their validity; they admit in their own thoughts that miracles are a burden upon Christian belief, rather than, as they used to be considered, its great proof and bulwark. They are simply a difficulty to be got over with the timid, a burden and a heritage from minds which accept an infallible Bible—while the honest thinker turns away from them, and in their place beckons the divine revelations of natural law. The instructed and honest mind sees religion to be natural in its origin, and the Bible as a purely human book precisely as all other literature is read and accepted.

Perhaps the most radical critic of the Bible, and the highest authority in ancient Assyrian lore is Professor Delitach, of Germany, whose lectures a year ago before Kaiser William of Germany, at the request of the Emperor, overthrew the theory that Moses was author of any part of the Pentateuch, and established the fact that it was taken wholesale from the Babylonian documents, with perhaps slight variations. So, too, Professor Adolph Harnach, an equally authoritative scholar and head of a department in a German university declares that the universities and scholars of the country knew all along that the mosaic account in the Bible was abstracted from ancient documents discovered in Babylon; but that they had not the courage of their convictions to give forth the facts to the students and the world, so startling would be the revelation. And Professor Harnach is a conservative and is reverenced in all of the scholastic centers of the world, for his scholarship and his character. But why should it be thought strange that people dare to speak the truth, especially concerning things so vital, so intellectually, morally and spiritually edifying, building up within our hearts those sacred foundations of religious life and character?

Whatever opens up new doors or windows for us into the world within or about us; whatever widens the field of our interests and our sympathies, has

some intrinsic value, and should be welcomed as the voice of God beckoning his children to come up higher. It all means right-thinking, right-speaking and right-living:

"*Think* truly and thy thought shall the world's famine feed;
*Speak* truly and thy word shall be a fruitful seed;
*Live* truly and thy life shall be a great and noble creed!"

REV. A. JUDSON RICH.

## My Summer in a Hammock.

We call the house where the hammock dweller lives Malvern Hall, from the ancient home of the family in Merrie England. It is in Warwickshire a short distance from Warwick Castle (which is an enchanting drive of a few miles from the famous place). The New Malvern Hall in the Wisconsin village is a brick house of Colonial style, old fashioned and comfortable, and like its grander namesake, vine covered. You cannot see the walls at the rear of the house for the ivy which covers it closely, porches and bay windows on the sides are adorned with trailing bittersweet, the front is almost rose covered so many Prairie Queens and Crimson Ramblers grow upon it, the wood pile is gloriously draped with wild cucumber vine, while the barn cannot be seen for the growth of ivy and wild grapes. Some glorious elms are at the back, the highest in the country round about, some native oaks are across the way in front, royal specimens of their kind, a double row of elms and maples surrounds the entire place, and there are enough fruit trees in the garden to give us blossoms in the spring, if not fruit in the autumn. Who would demand fruit of a tree that showers upon the world such a wonderful wealth of flowers as the crab apple does, for that is far more beautiful than the more respected apple tree proper. For a week or two in May the trees put us in such raptures that we are hardly sane. We simply cannot contain our delight. We invite our friends to the Feast of the Apple Blossoms, and they come and share our joy. The catalpas too have lovely blossoms, marvelously delicate, with a reminder of the orchid about them. Did you ever have a really royal gift, one that the Shah of Persia might have sent? We did one year, and it was half a bushel of pink lady-slippers (ground orchids) from twenty miles away. But the generous giver needed remonstrating with, for so decimating the royal family. But this is our western way. And let me ask if any of my gentle readers were ever invited to a show of acres of snow white trilliums? I have usually said in conversation that we saw forty acres, but I rather hesitate to put that in print, for fear of successful contradiction. Well, it was an immense grove—not a thick wood—and it was literally carpeted with pink and white trilliums, the most of which we carried away in our carriages. In this way I have been accused of exterminating the golden rod of a county, but it is base slander, as the world is still on fire with it every autumn—even where I live and pluck. I fear I must plead guilty to picking too many fringed gentians, but that was while I was ignorant of the danger of defeating my own desires by too lavish gathering of my favorites. But I have not yet attained to Emerson's high moral standard and do not always "love the rose and leave it on its stalk," though I also demand of all my friends that they "name all the birds without a gun." When shall we all learn this fine forbearance, and "at rich men's tables eat but bread and pulse"? Alas, I fear not soon, for feasts to friends grow year by year more costly and more tempting to the abstinent. And the gradual dying out of the fine old virtue of hospitality is partly owing to this lavishness in entertaining. Of many a house it may be said now, "In that mansion used to be free-hearted hospitality," but there are fewer houses of which it can be said in the present tense. This is a pity, for the ornaments of a house are the friends who frequent it, and it is an undying pleasure, as we grow older, to remember the fine or remarkable people who were guests at our homes when we were children. All thought of the furnishings of such homes may have long died out of our minds, but we still recall the conversations we listened to, and the manners and bearing of the stately people we met. Will any of our descendants recall us with this pride and pleasure when they look back to their youth? Is there anything in our demeanor which should lead them to do so? Do we carry ourselves well in these later days? Have we the simplicity and yet the dignity which always inspires reverence? Will our conversation sow any seed which will lead to nobler living by those who listen to us?

From my perch beneath the high trees there are in the line of my vision two more masses of heroic coloring, a large oleander tree in full blossom, which is a beaker full of the sweet south, and a huge bed of scarlet geraniums in all their imperial splendor. My eyes linger long on each, and with a fervor which other hues fail to inspire. The reds stir the senses, quicken the imagination, and put the whole being in a glow. The delicate pink and purple shades touch the heart. Purple indeed is the royal color in nature's laboratory, as well as in the palaces of kings. The glory of the amethyst is greater than that of all other gems, and the purple orchid is the perfection of flowers. All other buds and blossoms led up to this. The evolution of an orchid marked an era in creation. The celestial asphodel must come next I fancy, with no missing link.

My drive to-day was also a dream of color. The wild sunflowers were sumptuous on every wayside hedge. Such affluence of gold had not been seen since the last August waned and went. Flaunting their graceful heads over the zig-zag fences, tossing them in the hollows and on the hills, standing out solitary on little hedges, and marshaling in battalions, their brilliant uniforms rain and dust proof, they enlivened the woodland roads, and made the prairies supernal. Mixed with golden rod, and toned down by purple mint and asters, they held the center of the stage—but gloriously flanked by milkweed blossoms, the uncouth verrain which was also born in the purple, but not in the legitimate succession, surely—and the repellant thistle—also illegitimate no doubt, born of a Pompadour perchance, or a Nell Gwynne. The harvest fields were strewn with mounds of gold in some places, and in some the gold tassels still moved in the wind. But the pastures and the dear damp marshes were as green as April left them, though the apples are reddening in the orchards. One feast of gaudy but maddening color I must not pass by. On a bare and unattractive hillside stood a hut beneath a few scattering trees, with an ordinary-sized door yard in front. It was inhabited by an old woman who lived there alone, but who had made the bare hut a thing of beauty and an object lesson to her more fortunate neighbors. It was literally covered with flowers. Morning glories ran over the low roof and fell over the eaves in long drooping sprays. Half way up over these grew nasturtium vines, mingling their orange with the purple in true artistic fashion. Purple and white and gold—a trinity of colors which thrilled the nerves. The garden in front was one mass of bloom. Not beds of bloom, but the whole surface massed with flowers. Gorgeous phloxes, than which there is nothing richer, blazing poppies

which seemed to warm the air, petunias of every regal hue, four-o'clocks of equal variety, with majestic marigolds in all the interstices, and giant scarlet geraniums rising over them all. Many other flowers were there also, but these filled the chord of color and monopolized the eye. It was worth driving miles to see, and the poor woman had done all the work with her own rough hands, for the love which was in her heart. Who will say that she had not the artist's temperament—perhaps the poet's soul? You may say it was grotesque, it was perhaps exclamatory, but it was pathetic, and it was beautiful. No great masses of rare bloom in parks or rich men's grounds have touched me half as much. Spring shows of rhododendrons and azaleas, and autumn shows of the conventional chrysanthemum have given me no such joy. What labor each flower has cost her, yet what delight. You who order what you will from the florist must become like one of these before you enter the kingdom and sit with those who really have joy in flowers.

I love the days when first the cricket sings, the glad midsummer days overfull of light, and vibrant with the drone of the myriads of insects in the grass, and under the shrubbery and plants, standing and glorying in the warmth of the delicious weather. The stubble fields stretch away in golden reaches, while the trains are gathering up the garnered grain in shocks and carrying it to the waiting threshing machine somewhere afield. All of the nut trees are full now, butternut, hickorynut and beech, while the hazel bushes droop with the weight of their clusters of the sweetest nuts of all—as every boy will tell you. The harvest time of the squirrels is still afar off, but they take much interest in the nut trees even now. Up and down they scamper, and I watch them day by day, so alert, so active, so playful and so tame in our garden close, that they come to my very feet or shoulders and take the nuts from my hands. Six weeks to frost, say the wiseacres when the cricket's horn first winds adown the hillsides and the plain. Soon after that, autumn sends its scouts along the way, the trees are touched with gold and carmine, the flowers wither upon the stalk, and the reign of death has begun. Many find it sad, but to me the early autumn is a cheerful season, perhaps because I find death a part of the economy of nature, and not a dreaded foe who invades our kingdom of life. This is the way I expressed it one day:

DEATH.

Wherever is life and its strivings, wherever is life and its pain,
In desert or mountain or valley, by river or torrent or plain,
I am there interfused, intermingled, and cannot be severed or slain.

The snowy steppes of the Northland, the torrid lands of the sun,
The islands ashen, volcanic, the spaces by fire o'errun,
Alike they know me, and feel me, for I with their life am one.

I climb with him to the mountain where merciless runs wild,
I climb with him to the mountain where merciless rocks are piled,
And I rest with him in the household by the bed of a sleeping child.

Throughout the realms of Nature we two are forever wed,
The coal fields are but dead forests yet the trees wave overhead,
And up in the resonant heavens there are stars that are living—and dead.

Twin born were we in life's morning and together we strive or cease,
In a rythmical alternation of struggle and of release,
We fight the eternal battle, with never a thought of peace.

Bound by a chain together we share the Universe,
Neither alone is blessing, neither alone is curst,
We are two in one, and blended forever like music and verse.

This is one's impersonal thought of death, but there is another which presses home upon us all one day, and blots the sun from out the heavens, and turns our life to darkness. This is when one is taken and the other is left. I fancy it is not so bitter when we are the one to go, and I wrote once about

THE SUNDERING FLOOD.

How shall I bear me in the hour to be
When the great Sundering Flood comes rushing down,
And I shall feel the coldness of that sea
In which all mortal man shall one day drown?

Shall I be glad who has been sad so long,
So weary of life's ceaseless care and fret?
Shall I be blithe and sing a ceaseless song
When with that icy foam my feet are wet?

Or will the sweetness of the happy earth
Sweep over me, and friends hold me in chain?
And shall I feel that love has had new birth
And every rose of life will bloom again?

God knows I have been brave up to this hour,
No coward drop in all my languid blood.
Bid me not part from courage, oh thou Power
That hold'st in leash e'en thy great Sundering Flood.

But this sort of writing will never add to the gaiety of nations, a thing we are all bound to do if we write at all. Hilaritee! as Charles G. Leland used to say in the old Knickerbocker days when he wrote about Sunshine in Thought, and lamented the lugubriousness of the poets of that day, especially the wail about lost Edens and buried Lenores. This is the way he scored them: "By heavens! were it not that I know that the poor devils cannot help it (for every bird must sing as his beak grew) I could swear roundly at these sweet, penserose-water bards, who, with never a sorrow of their own, go begging and bidding for vulgar popularity, by whining out lays which sickly taste admires as pathetic." His plea was for a frank, bold joyousness whose watchword should be Hilaritee. And he cried out gaily concerning the sad sweet little poesies of his day, as Longfellow did about the drugged wines which were shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic:

"To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
As at best but a Devil's Elixir."

This new gospel of joy, and especially of joy in

one's work, is excellent doctrine for the American people. Ruskin preached it to the English and especially to the working men. That all men should have pride and interest and therefore pleasure in their task, is a matter of the utmost moment. Ruskin helped this on in all practicable ways within his power, and his disciple William Morris added his great influence to the work. Industrial art has taken great strides under the impetus given by these men, and others who have followed in their footsteps. If any man loves his work it is easy; if he loathes it it is a penance, however light it may be. An artificer in fine gold who joys in his filagree work and loves to chase in the finest of fine lines has a pleasant occupation. To one who had no taste for engraving, or for fashioning precious metals into rare shapes, it would only be a drudgery which was likely to ruin his eyes. The hours he spent at his work would be wearisome, and his only joy would be in his escape from it when his day's stint was finished. What a brief period of pleasure he would have, while the lover of the craft would sing all day in his heart, as one deft stroke followed another.

Lace making may be the most exacting of tasks if one makes lace only for the daily wage. But supposing one loves to make lace, how delicate and delightful seems the task, with what pride they see the roses or the lotus blossoms grow beneath their hands, how exultantly they gaze at a finished piece, how worthy their labor seems of the admiration and love of the world. A gardener who does his work as a mere task is an unhappy drudge. But put a heaven made gardener into your grounds, and the very soil he works in is transmuted and plants grow simply that he may be pleased, it seems to an observer. He loves to make things grow, and they grow, to bloom, and they burst into riotous color to propagate themselves, and they multiply and replenish the earth. How such men are sought for, what treasures they are esteemed, and the days are scarcely long enough for them, there is so much ahead they desire to do. So with the man who writes because he must. No need to set him hours, he will exceed them; to drive him, he will o'erdrive himself. And as long as he lives he will joy in his calling, and he will not need to ask any man to hire him—employers will be suing at his feet.

The working hours of a man's day should be as happy as any of his hours, and they will be if he loves his task, and is set to perform it honestly, and as well as he is capable of doing it. There must be pride in its performance, interest in its details, and aspiration for continued improvement. To this end all places where men spend the long hours of a working day should be made as comfortable and as attractive as the business will permit. There must be pure air, light, cleanliness of the most scrupulous kind consistent with the work, some outlook that is pleasant if that is possible—a glimpse of the sky, the shade of a tree, sunshine dappling the grass or the snow, anything upon which the eye can rest a moment and find what it is seeking, momentary relief and satisfaction. Alas! to how few occupations do these rules apply, under the present reign of industrialism. In what black caverns do men toil, in what vile air, under what sordid masters. Rich men as well as poor toil in dark offices, and unhealthful rooms, not even affording themselves the air of heaven, or the sunshine God bestows upon all his creatures. Joy in their work! they would deride the thought.

I dream of a time when this will be changed. The present tendency of wealthy people to seek the country is one of the good signs of the times. There is much in fashion, and many people of small means will follow the wealth into the suburban towns and to the country places. So much can be had there which wealth alone can enjoy in the large cities, that it is a wonder multitudes do not fly to the hills. Open spaces, pure air and sunshine, should be the birthright of every child, and men and women need it no less. There is scarcely any poverty in country places, no vain seeking for work, indeed the problem is to find laborers; and any family willing to make a garden and to dress it can live royally during half the year off that, almost alone Back to mother nature should be our cry. And let in the light another. Let us no longer tolerate dark offices or work rooms or tenements or school rooms. The sweet sunshine will cleanse the world in every way if we will but let it. Nothing thrives in darkness but disease and crime. Sunshine in thought also, let us demand that. Away with the miasma of gloom, of doubt and of foreboding. Let us make health catching, cheerfulness a cult, and joy the birthright of all men.

I for one can say with Emerson, give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. Joy is not unattainable for the world, if the world will but see the worth of costless pleasures, whose variety is infinite if one will but learn the art of making them his own. Tally-ho coaches, yachts and automobiles are no necessary part of the paraphernalia of life. Strong limbs, stout hearts, and a love for nature in all her varied moods, can make all these superfluous. Pedestrian tours are within the reach of thousands who never think of taking them, and they may be as enjoyable as any form of summer recreation, if the heart is in them. Camping parties do not call for princely outlay, and they make new men and women of us. A boat on a river or a lake is not beyond the reach of any sober and industrious young man who lives near them, a glorious swim at morning or evening may be his also if he will, and that is one of the delights of existence surely, and even a solitary walk in the cool of the day may be a joy unspeakable to an unspoiled nature. But young men scorn these things too often and seek excitement in the places where money and character and life are wasted. If we could but turn men's minds to all the sources of costless and kind pleasure in the world, what a mighty wave of thought and joy would soon encircle us.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

## George Frederick Watts.

Martineau, Ruskin, Spencer, Watts—how rich a harvest of our greatest has eternity gathered in, in how short a time! In their own several ways all strenuous men, who helped to shape the century in which they lived. The common characteristic of this last group of the giants was their seriousness. One and all, they strove to use their gifts for the interpretation or the exposition of life in its wholeness. The all of things was their interest, no more detached and disconnected detail. They knew that the whole of things was a cosmos, not a chaos, and they set themselves to read, so far as might be, and to expound that unity.

It is said that there are no serious men left now, that literature and art are given over to the men who do not stand for any supreme and all embracing truth, but rather play on the surface of life. It is a somewhat insular verdict. While Tolstoy and Björnson live and write, Europe is not without its prophet voices, though Ibsen has laid down his pen and Jokaï has passed from the strife. Yet we must,

it is to be feared, acknowledge that a mood of comparative frivolity is passing over the minds of men, and that for the moment the mighty ministries of letters and of art are not at their loftiest and greatest.

The more earnestly and the more gratefully do we turn to the noble and gracious personality of George Frederick Watts, Mr. Chesterton, in his charming little volume on the great artist, does not escape from his trick of saying anything for the sake of a Chestertonian paradox, but he nevertheless says many things that are thoughtful and illuminating. And he says nothing more arresting than that Watts was among those who rediscovered "the great truth that purity is the only atmosphere for passion." Of course that is put in the Chestertonian way, and is not true as it stands. But it is true that all the noblest passion needs purity for its atmosphere, and that the art of Watts impresses the soul with that momentous verity. And perhaps one could not find a more characteristic mark of the great master who is never again to wield for us brush or chisel, than this expression of noble passion compassed always by an atmosphere of fleckless purity.

They who have had the high fortune to meet the veteran artist face to face, to look on his gracious countenance and person, to listen to his talk of his own work and purposes, must always carry with them an impression of this permeating purity of soul, and recall it over and over again as they gaze on his manifold creations. When he paints high and noble things the purity of his spirit seems to shine lucent from the silent canvas. And when he paints the hideous lust or greed of Minotaur or Mammon it is the horrible negation of purity that revolts.

Mr. Watts never had any hesitation in his view of the place of art in the economy of spiritual forces. "Art for art's sake" would have been as unmeaning to him as "eating for eating's sake." Art was a mighty power given of God to certain of His sons for the sake of teaching righteousness and truth. Righteousness and truth are absolutely the only ultimate ends known to the consciousness of man. All other things are good only as they are means to righteousness and truth. The artist is not to plume himself before the preacher or the prophet. He is a true artist only in so far as he is himself a preacher and a prophet. The comparison of his own calling with that of Micah or Isaiah was a constant element of Watts's own consciousness. He cared to paint only as he could be their allies.

He is therefore often stern. But he believed that life is good and that the world is beautiful. His prophecy was sometimes a prophecy of woe; but more often it was a psalm of joy. No Hebrew ever had a more intense conviction that sin inevitably brings its scourge. But neither had any man ever a more full persuasion that the great, silent, perpetual forces which control the sum of things are kindly, beautiful, divine. And so his legend of death is not as other men's. He stretches hands across the sea to Walt Wiltman. Death is a gentle mother, a protecting nurse, a crown and triumph of life. Even when love passionately protests, none can behold Death pressing to the threshold without feeling that this is, after all, a benignant guest. When the babe lies gathered to the bosom of death, whose sable and purple plumes circle the bending form, we long that we too might know the embrace of those gentle arms.

But one might preach whole sermons out of almost every picture of the great master. Well advanced in the ninth decade of his age, he still with steadfast hand wrought his sermons out, and he has left them a precious heritage to the nation. They register for future generations much of the profoundest thought and noblest aspiration of the century in which he lived. Those who have left us printed books may fail in their appeal to the children of another epoch, speaking a language which is not theirs. One can hardly conceive that, while the pigments retain their tints and the canvas holds together, the pictures of Frederick Watts can cease to speak or to quicken drowsy consciences and waken slumbering faith.

Where is the secret of the eloquence of these masterpieces of a hand that is stilled? Genius accounts for much. And that there was genius, in spite of obvious faults—genius ample, generous, and strong—no competent judge will be found to deny. But genius alone could not engrave upon the public mind the lessons which Mr. Watts has graven there. It is the man behind the painter that preaches with so masterly and massive a power. The private life can be touched with only the most reverent and tender hand. But they who know the most know the best and holiest. Never was there a truer Sir Galahad among men. No saint ever made more Christ-like renunciation. To him whose hand painted Love leading Life up the stony stairway, the hearts of all men who revere pure and undiluted goodness must forever go out in homage. It is a benediction to have been brought even once into contact with his gracious and beautiful spirit.

—*From the (London) enquirer,* R. A. A.

## THE STUDY TABLE.

### Notes.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I am in receipt of Joel Chandler Harris' new book, "A Little Union Scout." The scout is Jane Rider; and a very strenuous sample she is. I am not sure but Mr. Harris could write fifty more books with the same material, and make them all equally interesting. You see you only have to shake up the contents, and the rifle shots, the battle fields, the heroes, the interesting darkies like Whistling Jim, etc., etc., come out each time in different places. After all it is the same book, shook up a little. "A Little Union Scout" is certainly readable, and it passes away an idle hour or two very comfortably.

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From the same house I have "The Silent Places," another volume from the pen of Stewart Edward White. If I say this book is not equal to "The Blazed Trail," I only say that "The Blazed Trail" was a work of genius, so pure, so sweet, so true, that Mr. White will never again be able to equal it, I fear. The present story is that of a man-hunt through the northern wildernesses; carried on with such strenuousness and dogged determinaion that you can hardly conceive it to be a possibility. The book is rather a romance than a novel. However you will enjoy the reading of it.

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From the same house I have "Romance," by Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. That this is a powerful piece of work I do not deny—a really wonderful production, from a literary standpoint. But I do not like Conrad's work. In fact we are getting overrun with strenuosity. It is in the political field, and it is in the literary field; and the soul begins to cry out for a little quietness and peace.

"He That Eateth Bread With Me," is a novel by H. A. Mitchell Keays, published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Another horribly strenuous book. It discusses the divorce problem and the mismatched marriage. The announcement asks us if we have ever considered what divorce may mean to an injured, innocent, and still loving wife? What it may mean to a man, who discovers that he has made a mistake when it is too late? What effect it must have upon a child brought up under the shadow of such disgrace? All these elements of the divorce problem the author has brought out, with pathos and power. The book is powerfully emotional, and profound in its intellectual analysis. I agree with this judgment of the book. But my opinion is that the whole marriage problem is to be solved, not by discussing it after this manner, but by teaching saner, quieter, lives and bringing up our youths and maidens to the idea of self restraint and the performance of duty.

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You will find in the *Independent* for August 4th a most remarkable article, on "Working in the Stockyards," written by a Chicago Bohemian laborer. It is said to be a trustworthy narrative. These seems to be a very substantial effort on the part of the *Independent* and *McClures Magazine* and the *Arena* to handle the great public questions of the day with justice to the common people. Not only magazines but a few of the newspapers are beginning to discover that justice in the long end will come out triumphant. We are in the heat of a tremendous struggle. Autocracy is once more undertaking to put democracy under foot. The petty little satrap of Colorado will be taught a lesson. So will that postoffice official who, by a ukase shut the mails against those whom he chose—contrary to law and the will of Congress. We have not yet come to a period when legislation can be successfully achieved by proclamation. E. P. POWELL.

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## The World's Fair as a Teacher.

In an interesting and richly illustrated article on "The World's Fair as an Educational Force," President M. F. Slocum of Colorado College says, in *The Outlook's* magazine number for August:

It is interesting to note that some of the most valuable exhibits are those of processes as well as results, very often the greatest effort being made to show the former rather than the latter. In many instances these processes are shown so well, are explained so patiently, that glimpses are given into whole departments of knowledge that must awaken an interest which will not be content till wide reading has made the subject a familiar one. Much may justly be said of the unwisdom of superficial work in sightseeing as well as in the class-room and laboratory, and there is danger in thinking "a ramble through a World's Fair is an equivalent for a liberal education." But too much emphasis cannot be laid on the value of such a ramble to the open-eyed and open-souled thousands who have waited for this event to gain their first vital knowledge of the way other workers do their work. In one sense the influence of a great fair can never be spoken of as local; but its special and direct influence on its immediate locality must inevitably be a marked one. The great value of this to the Southwest cannot be measured; this section has already passed through various stages in which its rural home life was represented by the dugout, the log cabin, and frame dwelling-house. It now is ready to pass rapidly into a more fully developed life into which the arts and sciences, as older communities know them, are to play, their part.


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# THE FIELD.

*"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."*

## Foreign Notes.

AN ORIENTAL ON AMERICAN FOOD AND DRINK.—The editor of *New India* has been giving in that paper a series of "American impressions" and commends us in certain particulars in which, not so very long ago, we were thought to be most open to criticism.

He says, for instance: "The Americans seemed to me to be far more civilized in the matter of their food than their cousins across the ocean." After commenting at length on the carnivorous instincts of the Britisher and the hideous spectacle of his butcher shops, he continues: "They have these things in America also, but their cooking seemed to me to be far superior to that of the English or the Scotch. Their food again is better seasoned, and they use a good deal of butter with all their vegetable preparations. In England, I always tried to have my curry and rice at least once a day. * * * In America I never had rice, except in the form of rice-pudding, and yet I never missed my national dish there for a single day. Indeed, I found some of the American dishes not in any way inferior to our own.

"America is richer in vegetables than England. There are some Indian vegetables that are regarded as delicacies in America—sweet potatoes is one and maize is another. This last, indeed, is essentially an American product, the term Indian corn referring not to East, but West India, and it was unknown among us a few hundred years ago. The Americans use maize in a variety of forms; they use it baked as our own up-country people do, only instead of our mustard oil, they use olive oil with it. But the most popular dish, made of maize, is by stewing the corn, which seems at first sight to have been boiled in milk—but this milk is only that of the tender corn itself. Tomato is used both in England and America, but the Americans cook it better, and use it, either baked or stewed more largely than the English. Sweet potatoes they use either boiled, or fried in butter, and this last is naturally most acceptable to a Hindu. Ordinary potatoes also they use either boiled, smashed, or fried, and a pat of butter is always served with this vegetable whenever it is boiled or smashed. They have in America a very fine species of corn, the like of which I had never seen elsewhere. It is as white as milk, and as fine as samolina. This is boiled and, served with butter and cream, forms a most delicious and substantial dish at breakfast.

"There is a large variety of fish, and cooked in a better way in America than there is, I believe, in England. I found a species in New York which both in form and flavor resembled very closely our *hilsa*. They call it shad, and I am not at all convinced that this shad is not the Bengal *hilsa*. Both lobster and prawn are found as plentifully in America as they are in England or in India; but the lobster is prepared into a kind of cutlets by the American cooks, which is superior to any preparations of it that I had tasted in England, or even in our own country. Lobster cutlet, as well as boiled lobster, is generally found a bit tough; but the tenderness of the American preparations of it, seemed to be due to some secret known only to the American chef."

Incidentally to his discussion and praise of American fruits there is a good-natured rap at certain of our characteristics in the following paragraph:

"Talking of mangoes reminds me of a curious experience I had one day while traveling from Boston to New York. The dining-car *menu* for lunch contained an entry—'pickled mangoes.' Thinking that I could at last have something which I might call my own even in that distant land, I at once ordered it; and what was my surprise when I found out that what they called 'mango' was nothing but cucumber. How

cucumber could be converted into mango, I could not for the life of me make out, but the Americans are past masters in the art of appropriating whatever famous things may exist in this world and even when the things are unattainable they will have their names at least. It is the imperious demand of their national pride, that whatever of good report exists anywhere on earth, must also be found in their own country, either in name or in reality.''

One of the most pleasing paragraphs in this interesting article is that on the water-drinking habit among us. It is a deserved and an appreciative tribute as will be seen from the following:

''The chief American drink is, as with us, pure Adam's ale; and this seemed rather strange to me considering their race and heredity. The population in the States is drawn from all the European countries where the drink habit is so universal. In France you find it difficult to provide yourself with a glass of water while traveling. They do not seem to drink water at all. The waiter in London who looked aghast at an Indian lady, a friend of mine, who asked for a glass of water at a West End restaurant and exclaimed,—'Water, Ma'am!—water is meant for washing,' must have been brought up in France. The Germans, it is notorious, are a great beer-drinking people, and so are, I believe, the Poles, the Greeks and the Austrians. The Russian is attached to his *vodka* as fish to water; while the Italians, like the French, are great drinkers of wine; and the Britisher consumes on an average thirty gallons of alcoholic drinks per head every year, and pays on an average nineteen shillings per head of every man, woman and child in settlement of his annual drink-bill. It is strange, however, that though the American population is composed of all these nationalities, who have from time immemorial been hard-drinkers, their chief drink is water. In all my travels through the States,—I went as far as St. Louis, and visited about twenty-five or thirty American towns and cities,—I do not think that I saw even half a dozen people drinking anything but water, out of the hundreds who crowded, for lunch or dinner, the public hotels and restaurants, or the dining saloons on the railways. There are drinking dens, of course, in every town and city, and large numbers flock to these at all hours of the day and night, but anything except water is very rarely taken during meal time. Even aerated water is much less used, it seemed to me, in America than in England.'' M. E. H.


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